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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

"Summer is Here."

BY ROBERT M'INTYRE.

When the mower cuts the clover, and the swallow skims the corn, And you hear the herd boy calling 'cross the meadows in the morn, And the dawa is rich with robins, piping in the poplar trees, And across the bending buckwheat gad the yellow-buskined bees, And the quail calls up his covey by the music of his name, In the platted old fence corner, with its Indian pinks aflame— Then summer-time is here!

When bobolink falls from tree-top, tripped and tangled in his song, And the catbird buttonholes you, for a dialogue, right or wrong, And the speckled hawk loafs lonely on the dappled, distant sky, And the affable white sheep graze about you as you lie, Looking down cool terminal colonnades where bits of blue are seen, Through the sinuous antique arras of the breeze-blown muscadine— Then summer-time is here!

Far and faint you hear the tinkle of the bland bells of the kine, And your heart spills out its bitterness as bacchanals spill wine, Soft peace comes down, balm breasted, on the weary heart and brain, And your soul bursts off her gyves, and, full-statured, hears again Through lapped leafage the light footsteps of the Master pausing near, Rise and gird thee for his coming—hear him calling plaintive, clear: Summer-time is here!

1837-1897.—THEN AND NOW.

What! You want grandfather to tell you the story of his life? Well! that's a large order. But still, I'll tell you something of the old and new things I've seen.

Now sit round and listen; and you, young quicksilver Bert, sit in the centre, and see if you can keep your restless energies quiet for a few minutes while I show you these pictures, and tell you the story. Are you all comfortable? No? Well, let Dolly come closer. Mag, cease chattering. There, now, you are a nice party.

Well, when I was a youngster, some thirty years ago, I well remember the good Princess Victoria being hailed Queen of England. The old king had died in the night, and his ministers hastened to Kensington, where the princess was sleeping, and aroused the household. They said they must see her Majesty the Queen. "But," said the ladies of the household, "the princess is fast asleep." "Ah! but," replied these gentlemen, "the Queen's business is important, and we must see her Majesty." So the princess was awakened, and hastily putting on a dressing gown, she came to the room where these gentlemen were awaiting her. They said they were sorry to disturb her Majesty's sleep, but events had happened which rendered it important that they should at once see the Queen of England. And so they delicately made known to her that the king was dead and she was Queen.

For sixty years has she reigned; a model Queen, a noble woman. And possibly, she, with others of us old folks, will be looking back over those years, and comparing what then was and what now is. Look at that old wooden battle-

ship in our picture. That was the sort, when I was a mite in my dear old mother's arms, which swept the seas of our foes, and made England mistress of the seas. Good old wooden walls! But now what a difference. Wooden ships have given way to steel, and sails to steam. Our fighting ships now have walls of steel twelve or eighteen inches thick, and are armed with monster guns which cost the country about £20 at each firing, and which will send the destructive bullet to hit and damage at a distance of five or six miles, while for closer quarters, from the fighting tops on the masts, a storm of bullets are poured out as the gunners grind the handle. Terribly destructive are these modern ships of war. We are glad they are seldom called upon to show their teeth. May their strength and might long maintain our peace.

Travelling was slow when I was a boy,

all so satisfied with the coach. Nothing could be faster or more comfortable. What a mad-brained fellow Stephenson was to think of doing better than the coach and horses. What disasters, the knowing ones said, would take place when the first railway was made. Boilers would burst, cattle would stray on the lines and upset the train, and as for the idea of travelling at twenty miles an hour, it was wicked. People must expect to get killed if they rushed along at such a breakneck pace. But now you youngsters coolly step into the modern trains with the palace cars, so different to the stifling boxes of early times, and are whisked along at sixty or more miles an hour, making a journey in a day which we old boys would not have dreamt of doing in less than ten days.

I wonder whether the horse will one day be thought worthy a cage in our Zoo as a specimen of one of the animals

spark. What a feeble light our spluttering, guttering, tallow candles gave. Every few moments they needed snuffing, and sometimes in snuffing them, out would go the light, because our snuffers had snapped off too much of the wick. And then we would have to go click, clicking again for another spark. At last, Sir Humphrey Davy said we should have our streets and houses lighted with gas. Nonsense! how could it be? How could he get the gas to our houses? No, he was a dreamer, surely. But yet, we have got the gas in our houses, so bright with its incandescent mantle, that surely Sir Humphrey Davy would open his eyes in astonishment at its brilliancy. And better than that, electricity is here with its powerful light, and electricity by which we may send messages, in a few moments of time, to any part of the world; and by which we may speak to one another, although hundreds of miles apart. What an alteration, too, in farm work. The sickle and scythe are old-fashioned implements of harvest. Now the farmer employs a machine, which cuts the corn at one side, and throws it out at the other as a neat, tied-up bundle. And the old flail, shovel, and sieve are laid on one side, for machinery now beats out the corn, winnows it, and stacks the straw. All this is the result of intelligence. The harvest is quickly gathered, little is now spoiled, and so there is more and cheaper food for the people. But we old folks sometimes long for the swish of the scythe, and the song of the harvest home. Ah, me! for the old days. But yet it is good to see the free schools and the free libraries, where all may acquire knowledge. What poky little rooms the old dames taught us in, and what a little they taught. What nervous old souls they were. How they cleared the rooms of all needles, and even the fender and fire-irons, when a storm came, and we all huddled together, shivering with fright, terrorized at each crash of thunder. Wonder of wonders was the penny post, when Sir Rowland Hill enabled us to send a letter to any part of the country for a penny. But you youngsters can beat that, for there is your halfpenny post. It was said the penny post would never do, for everybody would be wanting to write. Yes, it's true, these fine schools and the intelligent teachers are putting knowledge in every one's way.

And is it not good to learn that pain is lessened nowadays. With chloroform and ether our surgeons put us to sleep while they cut away or examine our diseases, and our dentists with their gas make us unconscious that we are having ever so many of those aching teeth removed. We have police to protect, firemen to save; while out at sea the sailor in peril sends up his rockets, assured that some brave lifeboatmen will bring their unsinkable lifeboats to his rescue. And there are papers and books by the hundreds for us to read, and children's books are cheaper, ever so much larger, and twenty times more interesting than when Victoria became Queen. Surely it is good to live to see it. We are all happier and more comfortable for all this intelligence. Let us use our intelligence to make others happier.—Our Boys and Girls.

The latest device of a Paris paper for attracting attention is the engagement of two eminent physicians to attend gratuitously upon its yearly subscribers. The glass and porcelain trade of Vienna is interested in a new substitute for glass, which has all the brilliancy without the brittleness in fact is flexible. It is made of Collodion wool



THE QUEEN'S LONG REIGN.—1837-1897.—THEN AND NOW.

go where you would. Lands across the sea were only reached by sailing vessels. And if winds were contrary, it was slow indeed. But steam has altered all that, and we don't wait for favourable winds. The powerful engines thrust the steamer against wind and tide, and rapid travelling is now the order of the day. But more than that. Steam has brought within our reach the fruits and foods of other lands. These are so quickly carried that scarcely anything the world produces can now be considered perishable. Ice is not now sought for, but made; and in these steamships are ice chambers in which these fruits and foods are kept sweet and good. So that even the very poor may now enjoy what in my boyhood's days were considered by the rich as luxuries.

Ah! what a to-do there was when George Stephenson set about changing our ways of land travelling. We were

which used to inhabit England. People used to ride him a good deal. Now the cycle takes his place. To-day we make him drag our carriages. By-and-bye, I suppose, he won't be wanted at all, for we shall all travel by motor car. And then poor old puss will have to find some other food than cat's meat.

How easily we get our light now. We take our box of matches, strike one, and immediately there is light. You would scarcely believe it, but there was not a match in England when I was a boy. When we wanted a light, we took a piece of flint and a steel, and got a spark like Bert does when he strikes his heel-up on the kerb. But we took care to have some very dry tinder close by, into which our spark should drop, and then, having caught our spark, we would blow and puff, and puff and blow, till we got a flame. Ah! often I've stood shivering with cold, click, click, clicking for the

Columbus.

BY HARRIET PRISCOYTT SPOFFORD.

Heavily in his breast The mariner's heart was beating; Ever the course shaped west, Ever the land retreating. Mutiny muttering loud— Naught all his hoping, his dreaming— Suddenly out of a cloud Wings were flashing and streaming! Wings that told of the nest, Told of the bough and the blossom, Gave him the joy of his quest, Kindled the heart in his bosom Promising land at last, Circling over and under, Flanning around his mast— What was the bird, I wonder? Nothing the Genoese cared Were it osprey or swallow— The gray sea waste was dared, Palm-fringe and shore must follow. Oh, when bleak skies break up With winds the bluebird is whirled in, I drink from the selfsame cup Two voyager pledged the world in! For some of his joy must be In the flash of the blithe new-comer, Whose wings discover to me Whole continents of summer!

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours with their respective prices and details.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. S. P. HEWITT, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 11, 1897.

Confession of sin.—Psalm 61. 1-6.

THE AUTHOR.

David was the author of this and many of the Psalms to be found in this book. Like most people, David's experience abounded in lights and shades. When he composed this Psalm, he was suffering intense grief on account of the heinous sin which he had committed. Sin always occasions misery. You cannot mention a single evil that exists in the world that has not been produced by sin. None of the readers of this lesson over do a wrong deed without bringing upon themselves some penalty. Shun sin if you want to escape punishment.

HIS NEED PROMPTED THE PRAYER.

He felt a load upon his mind which no earthly hand could remove. Hence the burden of his heart prompts him to pray unto God. He did not seek to conceal or hide his sin. He that covereth his sin shall not prosper. David confessed his sin. Bishop Hall has said, "There are many who have sinned like David, but only few have repented like David." He did not regard his sin as something of little moment. He abhorred himself and repented as in dust and ashes. Never regard sin as something of small import. You see, David calls sin "iniquitous," and transgressions, which sufficiently indicate his opinion of it.

VARIOUS EXPRESSIONS.

Verses 1 and 2. He wants his sin to be "blotted" out. Our life after re-

sembles a dirty page which we cannot clean. David wants his sin to be blotted out, so that it can be no longer seen. He also prays to be "washed" thoroughly. When persons wash themselves they do so that they may be clean. The filth of sin was now upon him, and he wants every particle to be taken away. The language implies that the Psalmist will submit to the infliction of any course of discipline, if only this curse may be taken away.

FELT KEENLY.

Verses 4. This verse sets forth the depth and intensity of his guilt. It is as much as to say, To have sinned against others is bad enough, but, oh! to have sinned against God, to have brought dishonour upon his holy name is what overwhelms me with grief. He truly mingled grief with weeping and watered his couch with tears. He was tortured by night and by day, and wherever he went he could do nothing but mourn over his conduct, to describe which he could not command language sufficiently strong and detestable.

A GOD OF PURITY.

Verses 6. David knew that God was holy, just, and good. He knew what God looked for in others. Man looks at the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart. He not only sees the deeds perpetrated, but he knows the motive that prompted them. Man may be deceived, but God cannot. Man may not understand, but God knoweth all things. He sees the end from the beginning.

How important that we should keep from sin. When sin finds us out, do not seek to conceal it. Acknowledge guilt where it exists. Pray for pardon to him who alone can grant it. God only can forgive, and he will not bestow that prerogative on another.

HINTS ON SWIMMING.

BEGINNING.

All young persons should learn to swim. It not only affords a delightful and healthy exercise, but is often the means of saving life itself.

The greatest difficulty in the way of learning to swim is fear. Observation, reason, and practice will overcome this.

Remember that your body is lighter than the water, and this fact will give you confidence in the power of the water to bear the weight of your body. Were it not that the lungs fill with water, thus forcing out the air, it would be almost impossible for a person to sink. To avoid this let yourself well down in the water, keeping your head above the surface and throw your hands back. Keep the mouth closed, breathing through the nose. In this way your lungs fill with air instead of water, thus making your body lighter than the water, and you cannot sink.

You have now learned to float, and your battle is half over. Practice of the arm and leg movements will do the rest. It is better to learn these without the aid of things commonly used, such as corks, ropes, planks, and inflated bladders. Wade out at some point where the water deepens gradually, and as far as your courage permits, turn toward the shore and strike out for it with both arms and legs. The propelling force is mainly in the arms. Place your hands in front of you with the backs together, at the same time drawing your feet well up toward your body; now separate your hands as far as you can, pushing back the water with the palms, at the same time kicking backward with your legs in much the way a frog does. Keep calm and level-headed, making your motions slow and steady.

OTHER METHODS.

Paddling. The next simplest method in swimming is that adopted by Carlo and other dogs. The position in the water is much the same as before, but the motions are different. With your hands in front of you, palms downward, paddle with first one and then the other. In times of danger, or when speed is otherwise required, this method is not the best, neither is it as useful as a means of chest expansion. It is generally used by swimmers for the purpose of rest by bringing a new set of muscles into play. To float on the back keep your head on a level with the rest of your body. No movements are required for the legs, which are kept together. A slight motion only is needed with the hands at the sides. In this way you may float for a long time without fatigue.

To swim on the back keep the same position as before, the arms toward the head and return from the sides. The leg

movements are the same as in the first method.

Another good motion is that of treading water. Stand erect, moving first one leg, then the other, up and down, using the arms to balance yourself.

"Probable Sons."

CHAPTER IX.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

When Sir Edward retired to his room that night, he paced up and down for some time in front of his little niece's picture that she had given him. His brow was knitted, and he was thinking deeply.

"I am longing to have peace," he muttered. "Why cannot I make up my mind to seek it? I will arise—aye, easy to say—it's a hard and bitter thing for a backslider to retrace his steps. How the child stabs me sometimes, and how little she knows my past!" He stopped and gazed at the picture.

"And the Lord himself used this as an illustration. I could not want anything stronger."

A deep-drawn sigh followed, then a heartfelt cry rose to heaven.

"May God have mercy on me, and bring me back, for I can't bring myself!"

The next morning Sir Edward had an interview with his keeper, who brought his son up with him, and as the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow stood before the squire, and in earnest, humble tones asked if he could be given a chance of redeeming his character by being employed on the estate, Sir Edward's severity relaxed, and after a long conversation with him he promised he would give him a trial.

He smiled grimly to himself as father and son left him with warm expressions of gratitude.

"So that is the child's hero! One whose example I might well follow. He has had the courage at last to take the step from which I am still shrinking. Why should I fear that my welcome home would be less full of love and forgiveness than his?"

It was Christmas Eve; a wild and stormy day, the wind raged ceaselessly round the old house, howling down the chimneys, and beating the branches of the trees outside against the window panes.

Milly had been very busy for some hours helping Ford to decorate the hall though Ford would every now and then pause in his work, saying, "There, Miss and rooms with holly and evergreen, Milly, I'm sure we're overdoing it; if the house was full of company now, I would take a pride in it, but I don't believe the master will notice whether it's done or not. It seems to me as he is getting more and more shut up into himself lately. Christmas is a dull time with us."

All was finished at last, and Milly went up to the nursery and stood at the window, her bright brown eyes eagerly scanning and taking note of every object out of doors.

"It's a perfect hurricane," said nurse presently, as she sat with her work in a comfortable chair by the fire. "If we feel it inland like this, what must it be at sea!"

"I should like to be on the sea," said Milly. "I love the wind, but I think it is getting a little bit too rough this afternoon. I'm rather afraid it will hurt the little trees. Ford said if I went out I should be blown away. Do you think, nurse, if the wind was very, very strong, it would ever be able to blow me up to heaven?"

"I am afraid not," said nurse gravely, "and I don't think we could spare you, my dear. You would not like to leave this world yet awhile."

"Sometimes I think I should, and sometimes I think I shouldn't. I think I should like to be blown up to spend a day there, and then come back again. Oh, nurse, Goliath is screaming and cracking so! I wish the wind would knock him over, he is a horrid old tree. I always think he is making faces at me when I run past him. Wouldn't it be nice to see him blown down?"

"You mustn't wish that," said nurse, getting up from her chair and moving towards the door; "it's a dangerous thing for an old tree to be blown down. Now I am going downstairs for a short time, so be a good child and don't get into mischief while I am away."

Milly remained at the window for some minutes after nurse's departure, then her quick eyes noticed a poor wretched little kitten mewling pitifully as she vainly tried to shelter herself from the violent blasts around by crouching close to a tree.

In an instant, without thought of consequences, the child darted to the nursery door and down the broad oak staircase. "Poor pussy, I will run and fetch her in. I expect she has run away from the kitchen."

Sir Edward was writing at his study table, when an unusually violent gust of wind caused him to raise his eyes and glance out of the window. There, to his amazement, he saw, under the old oak trees on the lawn, his little niece, her golden-brown curls flying as she battled with the elements, and struggled vainly to stoop and take the kitten in her arms.

He started up from his seat, but as he did so a blast that shook the house swept by, there was an awful cracking, then a crash, and, to his horror, a huge limb of the old oak came with an awful thud upon the very spot where his little niece was standing.

"My God, save her!" was his agonized cry, as he saw at the same moment the little figure stagger and fall. Then, forgetting his weakness and lack of physical strength, he dashed out of the house, and in another instant was standing over her.

His first feeling was one of intense thankfulness to find that the branch in falling could have only slightly grazed her, as she was lying on the ground untouched by it; but as he raised the motionless figure, and noted a red mark on her forehead which was swelling rapidly, his heart sank within him. It did not take him long to carry her into the house, and he was met at the door by nurse, who wisely wasted no time in useless lamentation, but set to work at once to restore animation to her little charge. Her efforts were successful. Milly was only slightly stunned, but it had been a miraculous escape, and had the blow been an inch nearer her temple it might have been fatal. As it was, the child was more frightened than hurt, and when a little time after her uncle took her in his arms with unwonted tenderness, she clung to him and burst into passionate sobs.

"Take care of me, uncle! That nasty old Goliath! He tried to kill me, he did! I saw him coming on the top of me. God only just saved me in time, didn't he?"

When the bruise had been bathed and dressed by nurse, Sir Edward still kept her on his knee, and after nurse had left the room, and the child rested her little head on his shoulder in a very subdued frame of mind, he did, what he had never done yet—stooped over her and kissed her, saying:

"You have been very near death this afternoon, little one, and I could ill have spared you."

Milly raised her large dark eyes to his. "If I had died I should have gone straight up to God, shouldn't I?"

"Yes, you would."

"I should have liked that. I suppose he doesn't want me yet, or he would have sent for me."

When she came down to her uncle that evening she raised a very sad little face to his from the opposite side of the table.

"Uncle Edward, have you heard who Goliath really did kill?"

"Do you mean the tree that came on you? No one else was hurt, I hope?" and Sir Edward's tone was a little anxious.

"She was killed dead—quite dead, and mangled, nurse said. It was the poor little kitten, uncle, that I ran out to fetch."

The brown eyes were swimming with tears, and Milly could not understand the smile that came to Sir Edward's lips.

"Only a kitten. Well, it was sad, I daresay, but there are plenty of kittens about the place."

"But, uncle, I've been thinking so much about this one. Ford says she had run away from the stable. I expect she was going to be a prodigal kitten, perhaps, and now she'll never run away any more. It's so sad about her, and I think why it is sad is because nobody cared, not even nurse. She said she would rather it had been the kitten than me. Poor little kitty, her mother will be missing her so to-night! Do you think, uncle, the wind or Goliath killed her? I think it was Goliath. I just looked out of my window on the stairs before I came down. The wind has stopped now, and the trees seemed to be crying and sobbing together. I'm sure they were sorry for kitty. I think they were tired out themselves, too, they have been so knocked about to-day. I wish so much I had been just in time to save the dear little kitten."

"We will not talk about her any more," said Sir Edward cheerfully.

"Have you seen Tom Maxwell lately?"

(To be continued.)

Conversion of the Gaoler.

(Acts 16. 20-31.)

BY JOHN NEWTON.

A believer free from care,
May in chains or dungeon sing,
If the Lord be with him there,
And be happier than a king;
Paul and Silas thus confined,
Though their backs were torn by whips,
Yet, possessing peace of mind,
Sang his praises with joyful lips.

Suddenly the prison shook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the gaoler, terror-struck,
Now his captives' help implored.
Trembling at their feet he fell.
"Tell me, sirs, what must I do,
To be saved from guilt and hell?
None can tell me this but you."

"Look to Jesus," they replied;
"If on him thou canst believe,
By the death which he hath died,
Thou salvation shalt receive."
While the living word he heard,
Faith sprung up within his heart,
And, released from all he feared,
In their joy his soul had part.

Sinners, Christ is still the same;
Oh, that you could likewise fear!
Then the mention of his name
Would be music to your ear
Jesus rescues Satan's slaves;
His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"
Jesus to the utmost saves;
Sinners, look to him and live.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II—JULY 11.

PAUL AND THE PHILIPPIAN GAOLER.

Acts 16. 22-34. Memory verses, 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—Acts 16. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prisoners, v. 22-25.
2. The Deliverance, v. 26-34.

Time.—A. D. 52. Shortly after the events of the last lesson.

Place.—The court of justice and prison in Philippi.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Paul and the Philippian gaoler.—Acts 16. 16-24.
Tu. Paul and the Philippian gaoler.—Acts 16. 25-34.
W. Brought out.—Acts 16. 35-40.
Th. Shamefully entreated.—1 Thess. 2. 1-9.
F. A mighty Deliverer.—Dan. 3. 21-30.
S. Faith and life.—John 3. 14-21.
Su. Faith and salvation.—1 Peter 1. 19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Prisoners, v. 22-25.
Who arrested Paul and Silas? Verse 19.
Why were they arrested? See verses 16-18.
Before whom were they taken?
What charge was made against them?
Who joined in the clamour against them?
What did the magistrates do and say?
What was said of the beating?
How many times was Paul thus beaten?
- 2 Cor. 11. 25.
What command was given the gaoler?
How did he secure the prisoners?
How did all this affect Paul and Silas?
What does Paul say of his treatment at Philippi? 1 Thess. 2. 2.
2. The Deliverance, v. 26-34.
What disturbance suddenly occurred?
What happened to the prison and the prisoners?
What was the gaoler about to do, and why?
Who hindered him, and how?
What did the gaoler then do?
What earnest question did he ask?
What was the reply? Golden Text.
What more did Paul and Silas do?
What did the gaoler at once do for them?
What did they do for him and his household?
What further did the gaoler do?
What was the cause of his joy? Rom. 5. 1.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The need of salvation?
2. The blessedness of salvation?
3. The way to be saved?

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

V.

THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME.

Victoria and Prince Albert visited Scotland in 1847. This was their third visit. They set sail in the yacht Victoria and Albert from Osborne and sailed round Land's End, through the Irish Sea to the river Clyde, and up the Clyde to Dumbarton Castle. Ever since then this passage to the Western Highlands of Scotland has been called "The Royal Route."

There were contrary winds and the Victoria and Albert did not arrive promptly. The Scotch turned out in vast numbers to welcome their Queen. There were hundreds of thousands of them. But no Queen came. A large part of them stayed over till the next day. They were very hungry, and they spread over the country round about, and ate everything they could find.

The next day the Victoria and Albert arrived. Forty steamers, gay with outing, and crowded with people, went to meet them. As they all came sailing together up the Clyde, they were a beautiful sight.

It was at this time that the Queen and the Prince decided to have a home in the Scottish Highlands, and they bought Balmoral. Balmoral is on the river Dee, in Aberdeenshire. It lies among the hills where there are mountain streams and pine woods, and deer, and above all, the lovely heather. The pink fragrant blossoms of the heather are beloved by the bees, and from them they make their very sweetest honey.

"It was so calm and so solitary," writes the Queen, "and the pure mountain air was most refreshing."

Queen Victoria loves this mountain home best of all her homes. She used to like to put on her waterproof and go out in the rain and wind and snow. She liked to climb the mountains, to picnic on the hills.

She likes, too, to visit her Highland peasants in their cottages. To carry comfortable gifts of warm stockings and flannels to the old women, and toys to the children.

"I'll bring you a pretty toy when we come back next year," she said one day to little Highland Jenny. And she did. She bought the pretty toy in Paris, too!

The Queen and the Prince went to Paris to visit the Emperor and Empress of France. "Vicky" and "Bertie" went with them. It was a busy and gay visit. But amid all the pleasant bustle, Queen Victoria did not forget her promise to little Highland Jenny. She bought the toy, as I said, and the next autumn gave it to little Jenny, saying, "Now I haven't forgotten you." It is said that Queen Victoria never breaks a promise.

The Queen has another title besides that of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. She is Empress of India. Though England is so small an island, it has possessions in every part of the world.

"The sun never sets upon Victoria's dominions."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

BY T. DWIGHT HUNT, JR.

"Ted! I say, Ted, where are you going?"

Johnny Wakeman, quite out of breath, came puffing up to the bridge where Teddy had stopped, his face all beaming with excitement.

"Me? I'm going down-town for some lemon extract. Hurry up!"

"Whoopee! You're just in luck! How much are you going to get?"

"Thirty cents' worth. Why?"

"Why, haven't you heard about it? Blackman's goin' to give 'way a bicycle free on the Fourth of July, and—"

"Give 'way a bicycle?"

"Yep, give 'way a brand-new one to the fellow who holds the lucky number, and everybody who buys a soda, or a quarter's worth o' stuff, gets a chance on it; so you see you're in luck."

This astonishing news almost stupefied Teddy, but he managed to gasp out:

"What? Everybody who holds the lucky number gets a bike? Great Caesar, if I could only get one! What trips we'd take this summer! And I could get my papers all peddled in no time, an' 'twould be nothing but fun!"

Ted's brown face shone, as visions of a bicycle, his very own, ran before his eyes.

"Nope, I didn't say everybody'd get one," resumed Johnny; "only just one—the lucky one, you know. But you've got as good a chance as anybody, and somebody's sure to get it, for it's there in the window now; you can see it from here."

In front of the store were a lot of other boys, all greatly interested over "A bicycle to be given away!"

Joe Hicks and two or three others had already looked their nickels to "sodas,"

and were proudly exhibiting tickets having printed numbers on them, to the envy of those who had none.

"I'm 'goin' to spend every cent I get this spring on sodas, you'd better believe that!" Joe said, emphatically, and nearly every one voiced the same sentiment.

"There's only one thing against it that I can see," said Teddy, thoughtfully, while he and Johnny stood before the window. "A fellow who can't buy a. any sodas don't s't d much of a show."

"Yes," interposed Johnny; "but the fellow who just buys enough for one ticket may get it. At any rate, it's worth a try, as long as it doesn't cost anything. And just think Ted, 'sposin' you won it, you'd have a better wheel than I, for mine's a last year's one, and not so good as this, either."

But what was troubling Ted most for the moment was his knowledge that his aunt disliked trading at Blackman's. However, as Johnny kept up his flow of persuasive arguments, and as a bicycle was his heart's desire, the question quickly settled itself. Lemon extract was lemon extract, no matter where he got it.

When Blackman's clerk handed him his change, he also gave him a scrap of blue cardboard, on which the following was printed:

"Good for One Chance on Bismarck Bicycle. Ladies' or Gentleman's. To be awarded Fourth of July. A ticket with every glass of soda water, or 25c. cash purchase of other goods.

"George Blackman."

On the back, stamped in red ink was the number, 2,081.

Teddy took the ticket home to his room, and put it away in his mother's old writing-case, where he kept the few little knick-knacks and treasures dear to him.

During the next few weeks Blackman's soda fountain did a flourishing business. Indeed, Blackman himself was heard to say that he had never before enjoyed such a run on "soft drinks."

Ted spent no money on soda water, for his nickels had to go toward his clothes and school books. His aunt had little to live on, and he knew that since she had taken him in she had felt obliged to tighten her purse-strings considerably. The little his papers brought helped her to get along. Consequently, as there had been no occasion for other purposes, the middle of June found him still possessed of but one "chance" on the wheel.

But Johnny had promised to give him his three tickets. So great were their hopes that even on these paltry chances they had built many wonderful air-castles and laid many brilliant plans for the long summer days, when "If I got it, we'll both have bikes," as Ted often repeated.

In all this time Teddy had not once mentioned the scheme to his aunt; indeed, he had not been much given to confiding his boyish secrets and longings since coming to live with her after his mother died. Not that he did not love her,—his heart ached to love some one,—nor that she was unkind to him; but an inexplicable something always seemed to hold him back. Perhaps it was a feeling that she did not like boys, or distrusted them. Ted was always at a loss to know just what it was.

He could not help comparing, almost unconsciously, Aunt Jane's peculiarities and oftentimes rather narrow views with the indulgent, affectionate ways of his mother. He had never known his mother to express fear lest he get into mischief, or, to use Aunt Jane's common phrase, "disgrace the family name."

Aunt Jane was no casulist. She had no patience with people who did not see that it was "as great a sin to steal a pin as to steal a greater thing." An act was, in her view, right or wrong, black or white; she scorned the shades of blackness or whiteness—there was no moral neutral tint, or drab, or plebeian in her category. She would freely express herself when the occasion offered. Hence, she could not always remain silent concerning Blackman's so-much-talked-of bicycle scheme.

One afternoon, while Ted was filling the wood-box and Aunt Jane was sitting in her accustomed place by the kitchen window, reading the village paper, she suddenly spoke her mind in the case:

"I declare, if it isn't dreadful the way folks are gambling now—simply dreadful!" She paused, gave Teddy a searching glance, and resumed: "All it isn't those alone who don't profess anything, either, but church people, Teddy Watson, who should be shocked at the very mention of it. And the worst is, they're not only gambling, but getting so they actually keep gambling-places themselves!"

Again there was a pause. Teddy remained standing at the door, silently

wondering what Aunt Jane was aiming at, and why she kept looking so meaningfully at him. But he had not long to wait.

"There's that Jim Ross, for instance," she continued, "has got a thing mean drop quarters late, and gamble for cigars. But of course he's not a professor; but George Blackman is, and a leacon in the church, and is openly running a bicycle lottery! It's perfectly scandalous!"

At these last words Ted started vividly, and on looking up met his aunt's scrutinizing gaze.

"Why," he gasped, "that's been going on all the spring! Everybody's trying for it! And you don't mean, Aunt Jane, that it's gambling?"

"Gambling? gambling?" repeated Aunt Jane, excitedly. "Of course it's gambling!"

"But no one risks anything; they get what they pay for at the regular prices, and the tickets are given to them. It's all free—"

"Sh-h-h, Teddy Watson! Do I hear you actually upholding that worst of all baits of the devil—gambling? You! Have you forgotten so quick what ruined your father and broke your poor mother's heart? Where's your promise to her? Teddy, you shock me! You—"

"Aunt Jane! I—"

"Teddy Watson, there's no use in excusing evil! Gambling is gambling, no matter what cloak it's hid by."

"But, Aunt Jane, where's the harm in this?"

"Harm? harm? No harm, when all the silly boys and girls of Petersburg are going crazy over it, and spending every cent they can lay their hands on, buying chances? Who knows but what many of them are tempted to steal, and more of 'em to ruin their digestion with soda water? Teddy Watson, to get something for nothing ain't right, and only the guilty uphold it. If you're—"

But she stopped short. Ted was gone.

"I declare, if he isn't most trying!" she exclaimed aloud to herself. "There's no use in doing anything for such a boy. Here I am, pinching and scraping, and doing all I know to take his mother's place, and then when I commence saying a word, he just clears out. But I suppose he's not much worse than all boys,—all of his sex, I might say.—I presume there are some exceptions. Anyway, one can't trust them a minute but they're into mischief, and Ted's no exception. Couldn't be, considering who his father was, for if ever there was a deceiving man! It's the Watson in the boy; that's where he gets it. If he only showed a little more of his mother's blood, I believe I could love him as my own. But he has the same hair, the same eyes—everything just like his father, and it's beginning to come out in his character."

In the meantime Teddy was lying on his back, out among the grape-vines.

"Just as if I'd ever break that promise!" he thought, choking back his tears. "She would never say that if she liked me, or be always thinking I was into mischief. I'm not to blame 'cause of father, and—I can't stand it much longer. I'll—"

But at that point the supper-bell rang, and in spite of his grievance it was a welcome sound. He could feel sure that Aunt Jane would not allude to the subject of difference again. When she had had her say on a matter, she usually dropped it. So when Teddy appeared, red-eyed and silent, very little was said by either.

In truth, Miss Jane felt a bit ashamed of her lack of self-control. Besides, blunt and outspoken as she was, she had a warm heart, and when Teddy came to say good-night, she even smiled by way of making up. This had more effect on the boy than her previous manner of moral indignation.

As the days glided by those words of hers, "Gambling is gambling, no matter what cloak it's hid by," kept echoing in Ted's memory notwithstanding every argument that they were unreasonably applied to Blackman's scheme. And the promise she had alluded to—the one he had solemnly made to his mother a few days before she died, that he would never gamble in any way—continually rang in his ears, until he began asking himself if, after all, Aunt Jane wasn't right about it. Certainly there was a "chance" element to the scheme, and he knew a good many boys and girls who were spending all their spare change on sodas, with no other object than to get chances on the wheel. That truly had a smack of evil to it.

All this troubled Ted, and on two or three occasions he even went to his room quite resolved on leaving the ticket, and thus ending the whole matter; but each time, when he came to get



"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING AGAINST IT."

the little blue card in his hands, and saw those alluring words, "Bismarck Bicycle," he put it back.

"After all," he reasoned, "I'll never get it, so it won't be really gambling." By way of easing his conscience, he almost ceased talking about it with Johnny, taking particular care, also, not to remind him of the three tickets. He had not yet risen to the moral height of trying to convert Johnny to Aunt Jane's views.

So the Fourth of July dawned, and found Ted still with but one chance on the wheel. At the very first boom he was up, thoroughly bent on enjoying himself, and soon his home-made lead cannon rang out as loudly and defiantly as did Joe Butler's brass one up on the corner, and his firecrackers popped as merrily.

Of course Johnny was with Ted, and all went on smoothly until about eleven o'clock, when Johnny stared and gasped, "Whew! It's long after time for the bicycle 'draw'!"

"Sure," said Ted. "Let's hurry," and both scampered down the street.

"Wouldn't it be luck if you won it, eh, Ted?" Johnny exclaimed, as they approached the group gathered before the show-window.

"Oh, there's no danger of it; and, besides, I don't care much anyway," said Ted.

"Don't care! don't care!" echoed Johnny. "What—"

But before he could finish both were elbowing their way toward the front. There was a perfect babel of tongues, and in the midst of it, as he crowded in, Teddy heard some one say, "It's queer the fellow who's won it don't show up, ain't it? Why, the whole town's been here, and still she stands."

By this time Ted could see the shining handle-bars, and then, as some one moved away, the whole of the beautiful machine. A large sign-card, with four freshly-painted numbers on it, leaned against the front wheel.

The instant Ted's eyes fell on these numbers his heart gave a great thump, and then seemed to stand quite still, while a queer, smothering sensation came over him, until he felt so faint he could scarcely breathe. For this is what he read:

No. 2,081
" 392
" 114
" 855

"Number two thousand and eighty-one; number two thousand and eighty-one!" Teddy kept repeating it in a dazed way, until he found that Johnny had crowded in to his side.

"Number two thousand and eighty-one," Johnny read aloud. "Why, Ted, wasn't yours a number two thousand and something?"

Getting no response, he repeated his question, emphasizing it with a pinch on Teddy's arm.

"Why, what's the matter, Ted? Have they got you down there? Or—why—Ted!"

But Ted was no longer there. He had turned and forced his way through the crowd, and was running swiftly down the street, leaving his astonished chum gazing in open-mouthed wonder.

"Well, I never!" gasped Johnny, as soon as he could find words. "What's got into him now? Must 'a' just missed it, and it's clean broke him."

When Ted reached Aunt Jane's gate, instead of resuming his sport, he hurried around and out of sight, down back of the grape-arbor—his old retreat. Here, throwing himself on the ground, he began a violent, though scarcely audible, sobbing.

"Mine! mine!" he moaned. "A Bismarck bicycle mine! Oh, it ain't gambling—it can't be!"

There, outstretched in the grass throughout that long afternoon, poor Teddy lay, while again and again his slight form writhed and trembled under the emotions of his desperate struggle, with no other earthly witnesses save the birds in the branches of the old apple tree which sheltered him from the blazing sun.

The dinner-bell rang repeatedly, but in vain; Johnny's whistles and calls roused not Teddy; firecrackers popped and small cannon boomed until dark; crowds came and went, but the holder of No.

2,081 remained unknown, and great was the wonder thereof. Only one week was given for the holder of the first number to claim the wheel, after that period it would fall to the second on the list, and so on.

All this time poor Miss Jane had been getting very uneasy, and no wonder. Fourth of July,—the worst of all days in the year to her,—and "that boy" absent so long! Into what mischief? Who could tell? She had eaten her supper as she had her dinner, alone, and at half-past nine was still waiting. But just as the clock struck the half-hour she heard footsteps on the back stairs.

In an instant she was at the door. "Is that you, Teddy?"

The click of Teddy's door-latch was the only answer. She called again, but in vain.

Poor Miss Jane! How sorry she was to be, later, that she scolded Teddy, as she did the next morning, until he left the room in bitter silence. She always meant to do right, and could tolerate nothing else in those around her. Consequently she did not cease "worrying" the next few days, because, as she told her lifelong friend and cousin, Miss Alvira White, "Teddy's acting so strange

in the closet, when, lo! she found it locked and the key gone.

For a moment she was too much astonished to think; then all sorts of dark suspicions crowded upon her, and she hastened down the stairs, nearly upsetting Teddy at the foot.

"Ah, you're here!" she exclaimed. "I was just looking for you. How came that closet locked?"

"The closet! the closet!" stammered Teddy. "I—"

"Be careful, Teddy Watson! I've been watching you lately, and there's something wrong. Tell me, where is that key?" and her voice was very stern.

"It's in the garden. I—"

"The garden! the garden!"

"Yes'm; I throw it there so—so—" he faltered, growing very pale, "so I couldn't get it."

"Get it! What do you mean, Teddy Watson?"

"The bicycle ticket. I won it, and— and—O Aunt Jane, don't hold it against me, for I didn't want it after what you said, 'cause it was gambling; and so I locked the ticket up in the closet, desk and all, and threw the key away. But the week's up now, so it's Willy Blakey's, and—not—mine."

Poor Teddy could go no farther. He leaned against the railing with his face on his arm, while the hot tears fell thick and fast.

Tears, too, scalding tears, were beginning to run down Miss Jane's thin cheeks. In a moment she was down on the stairs with her arms about him.

"Teddy," she cried, "forgive me!"

But the bitter thoughts of how she had been misjudging him choked her, though how dearly she loved him then needed not words to tell. And there on the stairs together the "something" which had grated hardest between them rolled away.

A few days later Miss Jane and Miss Alvira were sitting together again.

"His birthday comes next Monday, Alvira, and I've been thinking what a nice present a bicycle would make. But I can't do it, for I've only that thirty-two dollars saved for the Boston trip we've talked about so long, and that wouldn't get a good one."

During the long silence which followed, Miss Alvira gazed intently at a certain figure in the carpet. Then she looked up.

"Jane," she said, "we can put that trip off another year. Let's go down and see what we can get one for between us, will you?"

And so, through the self-sacrifice of these two good women, Teddy had a bicycle that summer, after all.—Youth's Companion.

The Kinderdike.

BY JENNIE E. CROSS.

All quiet in the twilight lay
The little Friesland town,
Bathed in the sheen of setting day,
That turned to gold its roofs of brown.



CHILD AFLOAT IN A CRADLE.

—eating little, talking less, and moping somewhere down in the grape-vines all day, just as if he was guilty of something."

Miss Alvira nodded, and remarked, "He's most likely been up to one of his father's old capers, and 'twill all leak out soon."

But on Saturday morning, just a week after the Fourth, their fears were still unrealized. Then Miss Jane had occasion to go up to the spare room. She was in a hurry, and after hastily pulling open all the bureau drawers without adding what she wanted, turned to look

The broad, low fields that stretched afar,
That evening smiled in softest green;
No gathering tempest came to mar
The tranquil beauty of the scene.

The village maiden by the stile,
While lingering for her shepherd swain,
Heard the low sheep-bell's chime the while

With the deep surging of the main.
The lazy cows were driven home,
The milkmaid sang her merry lay;
And trooping by the children came,
In merry mood, they ran with play.

Behind the dike the weary sun
Sank slowly, slowly down to rest,
The stars came twinkling, one by one,
As daylight faded in the west.
No comet streamed his fiery tail
Athwart the sky, foreboding ill;
Nor swept the wind with bitter wall,
Around the hamlet hushed and still.
But brightly gleamed the silvery moon
Through many a vine-wreathed lattice-pane,
Whose inmates slept, nor dreamed that soon
Should sleep to never wake again.
That eve a mother kissed her child,
And laid her in her cradle-bed;
"May angels guard thy slumbers mild,
'Twould break my heart to find thee dead!"

Old pussy napping by the hearth,
Woke up as Gretchen breathed her prayer;
The babe she'd guarded from her birth,
With tender love and watchful care.
Now with a light, elastic bound,
She sprang close to the infant's feet;
The mother knew the purring sound,
And soon was wrapt in slumber sweet.
Dream on, dream on, young hearts and true!
Dream on, stout hearts and brave!
No thought of danger visits you,
No boding dread of watery grave.

The sailor on the treacherous deep,
May fear the coming tempest's power;
But to the village wrapped in sleep,
What ill can come at midnight's hour!

Alas! alas! fair Friesland town!
No warning bell rang out alarm;
No signal-gun was wafted down,
To tell thee of impending harm!

But still the sea with sullen roar,
Kept measure with the waning night,
And 'gainst the old dike evermore
Each time repelled, returned to fight.

That night, while all the village slept,
The dam gave way—the sea rolled in;—
They all were drowned ere they had wept
Or cried to heaven to pardon sin.

All, save the baby and the cat,
Who fearless in their cradle-boat
Sailed out to sea, nor wondered that
The bed which rocked should also float.

Next morning on an islet green,
Sole remnant of the ancient dam,
The cradle and its crew were seen,
Puss and her charge in slumber calm.

Old ocean sweeps o'er cottage home,
O'er pasture green, and hamlet brown,
Unfettered all his billows roam
Above the little Friesland town;—

But He who bids the waves be still,
Had heard that mother's evening prayer,
And guarded her sweet babe from ill,
While twenty thousand perished there.
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